



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

STONES FOR RUSSIA

Stones we have, Russia,
Stones to break your teeth,
To batter shut your hunger-widened eyes;
Stones and the silver stab of bayonets,
The skilled jab, the clubbed gun
Of our northern-bred guards: these
We have, Russia. A greeting,
Russia, to you the proper
Struggling out of the pit of centuries,
Uprising from primeval death, groping
To a dazed, uncertain gay; a greeting,
Russia, drunken one, drunken with misery—
A greeting with stones!

To you who have known only death till now,
Russia, a welcome to new torture,
To life, to a mad fact of living;
A welcome, Russia, lurching from death's stupidity,
From torpor, into tortured consciousness; welcome
By this western people, stones and the butts of guns.
Which do you wish? Which do you wish,
Russia, death or this resurrection?

Chosen people, chosen from the sad soil
To clasp anguished visions where our bland blindness fails;
Sufferer of earth's anguish, of the profound fate of being,

Baker Brownell

Finding in primeval murk, in dusky fires, truth.
Truth, mystic Russia, seeing, seeing! Here are stones.

Misery has wrought you, Russia.
Your passion sweeps gigantic darkness
Over our pagan bulbs, our cool illuminations,
Our peace; and wreaks massive terror. Fear
Hurls our stones, Russia.
Dark prophet with unkempt, terrible gesture,
Envisioned folk, exponent of unknown fate,
Where is your truth, truth beyond reason, taught you
By misery, truth unseen to us, feared?

Here are stones, miserable ones,
Stones to quench your misery; brilliant steel,
Delicately strong, cruel. A greeting, Russia!

Baker Brownell